LADIES AFTERNOON VISITOR.

VOLUME I. SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1807. NUMBER 5.

NOVELTY.

ALBERT AND EMMA,

AN INTERESTING HISTORY.

(Continued.)

CLAIRVILLE then addressed him thus,' I conjure thee, by the hopes of mercy here and hereafter, tell me, if thou hast power to speak, *where* is my son?—*does* he survive? 'Answer *that* question only for the present, and I will wait the event of thy recovery for further information.

The dying man, made repeated efforts to articulate, but for some moments he remained speechless: at length he faintly uttered, ' young Clairville lives.' He could no more; the exertion overcame him; and successive convulsions seizing his whole frame, he expired in agonies.

This confession, in the midst of so severe an affliction, long kept alive in the bosom of the marquis some feeble embers of expiring hope; he returned to his solitary castle, so late the scene of all his happiness, where he shut himself up for several days, to give vent to the first emotions of his sorrow. The suspense, which he yet endured, relative to his son's destiny, had such an effect upon his spirits, that he determined to retire wholly from the world, and to deplore, in the solitude of his castle, the misfortunes of his family; but he did not so much yield to the impressions of grief, as to be regardless of his tenants and dependents; his generous nature would not permit him to be unmindful of their interests. They had long been the objects of his bounty; they now became the children of his adoption; and, lost to domestic felicity, he centered all his remaining consolation in dispensing happiness to all around him.—Years, followed years, in this manner: every search after his beloved son had been fruitless; he had long ceased to indulge the flattering prospect, which he had at first entertained, of recovering his lost treasure; and though his pious resignation, permitted him not to murmur at the decrees of Providence, yet no ray of hope cheered his declining age.

He beheld death approaching with that secret satisfaction, which anticipated a blest re-union with those dear objects, who had already, so long partaken of the reward of innocence and virtue.—On the decease of the marquis, his estates devolved by inheritance, on the baron of Morenzi, who was of a haughty cruel character, and revengful; whose reason and actions were subservient to his passions; and who scrupuled not the commission of any excess, to gratify his ambition, avarice, or sensuality.

Over these vices he had, by art and cunning, drawn a veil, which imposed on strangers; and to unfold which, a considerable share of sagacity and penetration was requisite; on those whom his heart secretely detested, he could smile with ease. A character so hypocritical, could not fail of becoming the aversion of the adjacent country; for however the deceiver may conceal his vices, in the formalities of courts and public life, they will always appear in their true light, to those, to whom they are objects of neither fear, nor regard. His new vassals and dependents received a specimen of that treatment, which they were in future to expect, from the first moment of his arrival at his new abode.

They had collected together in the court of the castle, to celebrate his approach. ' Wherefore,' said he, as he descended from his carriage, ' are you assembled here with gloomy faces and fable habiliments?—Is this the welcome you give your new lord?—I think you might have spared these trappings of woe for a departed master, to wait with joy the commands of his successor.' An universal silence succeeded this ungracious harangue, which so exasperated the baron, who expected to be received with acclamations of pleasure, that he broke forth in the following words: ' Depart you minions of that indolent supineness, which marked the character of him whom you mourn in vain;—quit my castle, and if you have any business to transact, I refer you to my steward, who has attended me hither, and who will impart to you my commands.' Awed and shocked to silence, the humble train retired from the presence of a man, whose dominion over them, promised nothing but the exertion of tyranny and oppression. In a day or two after his arrival, the system of affairs was entirely changed. The old steward was discarded, and his place supplied by a man, who had gained the confidence of the baron by the abject servility of his flattery.

The faithful servants were discharged, and succeeded by others, who had been the instruments of his vices. Bernard only, and a few more, who from the meanness of their situations had escaped his notice, were still permitted to occupy their several departments. Instead of the condescension, with which their late lord had treated all around him, the new master of these domains kept them at an awful distance; and never permitted the plaints of poverty to reach his ear, or the groans of oppression to plead for mercy; suffering virtue never obtained redress from his compassion, nor innocence from his justice. He had lived a life of luxury and debauchery, which had involved his private fortune in difficulties, from which his great acquisition was calculated to extricate him. A multitude of importunate creditors disturbed the first moments of his smiling fortune; and instead of appropriating to the payment of his debts, a part of the princely revenue, the enjoyment of which he so little merited, such was his mean avarice, that he immediately devoted to the axe, some lofty rows of venerable trees, so many successive centuries the greatest pride and ornament of the castle of Clariville.

We now return to Albert, who soon gained that introduction, at the cottage of Bernard, he so anxiously sought, and by frequenting the society of this worthy old man, he had daily opportunities of seeing, and conversing with, his lovely daughter. Powerfully charmed at first sight by her personal attractions, he now found, on acquaintance, an irresistible fascination in the superior beauties of her mind.—Nature had formed her sentiments, just, delicate, and virtuous, and her education had for two yeas received great advantage from a frequent intercourse with a lady of birth and distinguished talents, who had, on the decease of her husband, retired into a small habitation, situated in a vale near Bernard's cottage; this amiable widow had lived many years in the great world, and had partaken both of its prosperity and adversity, sufficiently to shew her the instability of fortune: with her beloved lord, she had lost the superfluities of life; but satisfied with competence, she devoted the remainder of her days to solitude and religion.

She conceived for Emma, then just fifteen, a strong attachment, and easily obtained Bernard's permission for his daughter's frequent visits. The good woman delighted in cultivating a mind whose capacity and genius promised every success. Emma read aloud for hours, uninterruptedly, to her kind patroness, and read with an attention, that impressed upon her memory every thing worthy to be retained; and the subjects were constantly calculated to improve the morals and enlarge the understanding. At the end of two years, death stopped the progress of Emma's education, by suddenly depriving her of this most excellent friend; her little income reverted to the family of her husband, and she had nothing to leave the child of her adoption, but the simple furniture of her little dwelling. Emma mourned with affectionate regret, a loss so great, but determined to persevere in those studies, for which she had acquired so correct a taste, and which she was happily enabled to do, by becoming the possessor of the valuable and select collection of books, which formed the small library of the deceased. By rising very early in the morning, Emma was enabled to pursue her favourite employment, without trespassing on those hours, when her filial duties or domestic cares demanded her attention.

Young Albert soon discovered in the conversation of Bernard's lovely daughter, a well informed mind, and an understanding which blended the artless simplicity of rural life, with the more refined sentiments of cultivated education.

The mental accomplishments of Emma, completed the conquest which her beauty had begun, in the heart of Albert; nor was it long ere a reciprocal and gentle flame was communicated to her bosom. The ardent lover, in the first flattering moment of aspiring hope, declared his passion, and offered at her feet his honourable vows. She blushed modestly, and referred her assent to her father's will. The heart of Bernard, at this unexpected proposal, felt all a father's rapture; but the strictest rectitude of his sentiments checked the momentary joy, and with that sincerity which marked his character, he declined so unequal an alliance, and represented to his young friend the impropriety of his forming any union unsanctioned by his family. ' Accept our gratitude,' said Bernard, ' for the honor which you intend us;—were you less distinguished by rank and fortune, I should be proud to call you son. Emma's only dower is virtue, and her birth is too humble for her to become your wife. Never shall false vanity, or sordid interest, betray me to an action at which my [illegible]

science would revolt. I will still be worthy your esteem, and the child you have honoured with your love shall merit, at least by her conduct, the rank to which you would generously raise her. But you must meet no more; this is the stern decree of unsullied virtue and irreproachable honour. Return to your native country, with every wish that grateful friendship can bestow.' Albert had listened in silent admiration to the words of Emma's venerable father, when Bernard ceased to speak, he thus replied, 'Could I offer a diadem to your incomparable daughter, she would, by accepting it, confer, and not receive the honor. I would not have presumed to solicit her affections or her hand, could I have admitted a doubt of my father's approbation of a choice directed by reason and sanctioned by virtue. I will renew no more my humble suit till *authorized* by him to *demand* the hand of Emma; Farewell! my return hither shall be as rapid as the impatience of love and hope can render it.' Thus separated the venerable Bernard and the youthful Albert; nor could the moving rhetorick of the latter prevail up on the father of Emma to permit a parting scene between the lovers. He wisely thought the impassioned adieu of Albert might leave an impression too tender on the heart of Emma, and which, as he foresaw, would endanger her peace of mind, if indulged; he therefore determined to use every argument, which could banish the flattering hope from her bosom.

Bernard returned not to his cottage till Albert had quitted the village; when he entered, Emma advanced to meet him, her eyes surcharged with tears; she presented him with a letter which Albert, retiring to write for a few moments before he mounted his horse, had ordered his servants to leave as he passed the door. *(To be Continued.)*

ORIGINAL ESSAY.

For the Ladies Afternoon Visitor.

THE VISITOR.....No. III.

CEREMONY, though necessary and proper on many occasions, is frequently an unwelcome intruder. There is a time we are told for all things, and consequently a time for ceremony. But unluckily, this seasonable period is seldom accurately ascertained. We are frequently familiar and communicative when we should be reserved; and as frequently formal and ceremonious, when the feelings which should govern us require sincerity and frankness. Ceremony is at best, a species of hypocrisy; it obliges us to disguise our real sentiments and feelings, to conform our appearance and manners to the rules of etiquette and fashion. In polished society, however, it is undoubtedly necessary. We must in mixed companies restrain our natural feelings and inclinations, and put on an appearance of dignified reserve which is foreign to us. Common sense teaches, that we should be more confidential with a friend than with an enemy, that we should be less familiar with one whom we never saw, than with an intimate acquaintance. But in company of persons whose feelings when permitted to expand, are congenial, does not ceremony tend to check humor, restrain wit, expel confidence, and is a foolish pleasure, and possibly to cool the ardor of friendship. Is not formality absurd and unprofitable, when its only fruits are dissatisfaction and disgust? Yet, under these circumstances it frequently intruds. Many appear to consider it the *sine quanon* of a visit; as address, without which they must appear unfashionable and indecent in any company; hence an invitation to spend an hour or two with a party of friends is often times the harbinger of a dull, unpleasant ceremonious visit. A card makes both its giver and receiver votaries of ceremony. When invited in this way, we are received with a formal bow or courtsey by those, whom we have been accustomed to meet with a smile of friendship and familiarity; ushered into a large room where those with whom we are best acquainted, appear to be totally ignorant of us, or if they do recognize us show it only by a slight inclination of the head or a very distant salutation. As soon as we are seated, silence reigns, save when interrupted by the audable whispers of those who are telling secrets or conversing on their private affairs. We expect a general conversation in vain; for the bashful dare not begin and the man of sense will not. We may perhaps be amused by the *strange eventful history* of some conceited fop, whose confidence in his descriptive powers is not easily shaken; but in general must content ourselves with a few whispers to our next neighbor. As the evening advances, whispering parties are formed which converse on subjects with which they are best acquainted. You hear the student describing the beauties of Virgil or Homer, the merchant talking of stocks and the prospect of peace, the lawyer relating a very difficult cause he had been pleading, the critic pointing out the defects of some play, while the ladies are engaged in discussing questions on the fashions. At length, however refreshment is brought in and the conversation becomes so far general as to have but one subject.—The wines are praised, the nuts, are said to be excellent, the fruits to be the best the season has afforded. But such wise remarks soon exhaust so trivial a subject and we return with new spirits to our whispering, which now forms a diverting medley as the lungs are stronger and the tongue, flexible than before. Thus time passes on till the hour of retiring arrives.—When, after the tedious business of complimenting is over, we go thinking that we could have spent a much happier evening at our own fire side.

I as heartily advocate a proper degree of ceremony as any person. It is unavoidable. But I must confess that I think this excessive formality as different from real gentility and good breeding, as the Romish forms are from true religion. L***.

THEATRICAL.

Dramatic criticism, is not, as formerly in Boston, regulated by the *few*, who draw their knowledge from much reading and occular experience. Modern critics start up in such abundance and come so entirely unfitted for the office, that the Drama is in greater danger from its *petended guardians*, than it possibly could be from its *open and avowed enemies*. Unprincipled and illiberal criticism daily appear in which our best performers are grossly insulted; and either from an incapacity of judging their merits, or a malicious determination to crush them, the most fallacious accounts are given of their performances. That ALL in our Theatrical Corps, as in every other, the metropolis of England not excepted, have their faults in a greater or less degree is indisputable, nor ought they to pass unnoticed. But while we point them out with a wish to improve the *actor*, we should be scrupulously careful to avoid injuring the feelings of the *individual*. A critic should ever be a *gentleman*; he should be generous even in his censure; and is also bound by every tie of honor and honesty to be strictly just, as the opinion of the public & consequently the representation of the actor, is in a degree controled by him. But unfortunately, both for the public and the actor, most of our modern, *self-styled critics*, are neither just nor generous. They cannot be just, for they are not judicious; and as ignorance is usually the parent of ill-nature, their criticisms are despicably illiberal.

We were led into these remarks by the *base* and *unfeeling* attack recently made on one of our long-tried and highly approved favorites,

"At which *manhood* recoils."

The writer has descended from even the appearance of criticism to personal abuse. He seems to consider himself licenced to sport with the feelings and reputation of a lady, who has long been and we trust will long continue to be the brightest ornament of the Boston Stage. But we presume that taste is not yet so degraded, judgment so wretchedly perverted as this malicious trash, under the name of criticism would lead us to suppose. We feel assured that the reputation of Mrs. Powell, whether professional or private, can never be affected by such despicable, such palpable falshood.

On Wednesday evening last we witnessed, with pleasure, the exhibition of DIBDIN'S comedy called the "Finger Post." It is a pleasing and merry-making comedy, full of laughable incidents and witty dialogues is well calculated to please, and well deserving the attention of the public. The sources from which flow the pleasure we experienced, are, the wit and humor with which the dialogue abounds, the finger post, whose arms instead of being made stationary, to point out the direction of the four different roads, are by the true irish wit of the carpenter made to revolve upon an axes, that a traveller might be able to ascertain the road he should take without the trouble of riding round the post, and the occupation of Kailender the almanac maker. Kallender is one of the principal and most original characters, the one most strongly marked and most ably performed, as its representative was Mr. Bernard. The comedy was indeed well acted throughout. Mr. Dickenson deserves great applause for making important a character of no importance at all. Messrs. Usher, Fox and Dykes deserve commendation; but we were extremely sorry to observe that Mr. Poe was incorrect, and did not commit faithfully to memory the part allotted to him—a fault unpardonable. We do not mention others for, as we have already observed, every part with the single exception we have mentioned, was exceedingly well represented. We cannot, however, refrain from saying, that the exertions of Mr. Powell leave us to regret that we so seldom see him upon the stage.

It is useless to attempt critical analysis or remark upon such performances as the one before us. It

eludes criticism. For, as its only object is to produce stage effect, and by trivial, though interesting machinery, and curious incidents to excite good humor, mirth and laughter; it cannot be supposed that it was ever intended to stand the test of a strict examination. In such productions all we can expect is that the machinery should not be too common, and that the incidents should be worded up with wit anft ingenuity. This DIBDIN has very successfully performed, his wit and humor *electrifie* us; and we overlook the revolving guide post when its revolutions excite laughter, and it *points* to circumstance, productive of merriment—we will not like *a carping and would be critic*, condemn the play because Sordid escapes without either condemnation or amendment or the robber without punishment. The bad effect their example might produce must be small indeed, and would by no means incline us to condemn the comedy by a too great refinement of morality. The plot, such as it is, is well conceived and handsomely executed; its characters are delineated with judgment and effect; and we conceive it well deserving the attention of the lovers of merriment and jollity.

—o—

ORIGINAL.

A CHARACTER.

IN vain might we peruse the annals of recorded genius, with the view of finding a character, parallel to the humble subject of these pages. No heralds office need be searched for the lofty titles of the family of Virgilius. When scarce twelve years of age, he daily enlightened his native soil and industrious fellow-citizens, and could within the small space of an hour communicate marriages to females, deaths to physicians, bankruptcies to merchants, and interesting narratives to the curious in general. To the rotundity of his figure was added a face, not indeed denoting the exact expreffion of Apollo, of Belvidere, but teeming with a greatness not inferior. The projecting languidity of his eye, like that of the far-fam'd hero of Serangapatum, intlicating a mind daringly noble as well as nobly daring. Disdaining the lower walks of poetry, his soul would sometimes range through the highly cultivated fields of Johnson, and sometimes wander over the natural and pleasing simplicity of Goldsmith.

Unaffected by the storm of adversity, unswoten by the tide of prosperity, his mind resembled the gentle currant of the Danube, which historians declare forever runs in one uniform stream sheltered by its lofty banks from the war of surrounding elements. Virgilius was not, (as we have reason to imagine) of illustrious origin. Like the enchanting Bloomfield, or the moralizing author of the Shade of Plato; he was the decendant of a son of Crispin, When ridiculed on account of his parentage by the unfeeling sons of affluence, or the more tormenting children of satire, he would feelingly and eloquently pronounce these emphatic lines of Pope.

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

His eloquence though impressive, was more in the style of Secrates, than Demosthenes; unlike the turbelent and popular declaimer of Athens, he would soothe, soften, and persuade, for this was he dreaded by the elder and ador'd by the younger part of the softer sex, of him, had he liv'd in days of yore might the bard have sung,

" Then up he rose
and doff'd his clothes
and ope'd his chamber door, &c.

As yet we have only contemplated the fair side of this interesting pedestrian, let us reverse the scene.—His soul though fertile in letters, was barren in arms, unfortunate, that with the wisdom of Ulysses he wanted his personal intrepidity. Even in the cause of beauty he would shrink from the encounter.—Without the shrewdness he possessed the pusillanimity as well as the person of Sancho, like the fat knight in the buck basket he would from two men in buckrum, produce eleven enemies, he would tickle his nose with spear grass, and hack his dagger, then boast of his deeds to the keeper of a brothel, over a cup of sack.

Perhaps it may be ask'd, why his good sense did no guard the prudent Virgilus from faults like these, but what mortal ever was without his foibles, breathes there a man fenfible of all his weakneffes, do we no generally boaft of virtues we have not, and defpife thofe good qualities we may have the happinefs to be poffefs. A man, to equal the expectations of fome, muft be as immaculate a Cato without ftorcifm, & as great as Regulus without his eyelids.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON:——JANUARY 3——1807.

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REMOVAL.

On Tuesday next the Office of the VISITOR, *will be removed to State-Street, in the third story of the building occupied by Messrs.* BURROUGHS & *Co. Auctioneers, opposite the Post-Office—where all commands will be attended to with pleasure.*

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Our paper will in future be published on SATURDAYS, *for the better accommodation of our Subscribers in general.*

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A number of typographical errors escaped observation in the hurry of putting the last week's paper to press.

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NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.—*Would not a volume of the Visitor be a handsome New-Year's Gift, for Gentlemen to present to their Ladies and female friends in general.?—They may be had complete from the first number.*

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In establishing a new paper, the Subscribers are generally for a term of time subject to the inconvenience of not receiving them regularly; the reason of which must be obvious to every one. Carriers are not acquainted with every body, and it is not until they have been the rout several times, that they find out every Subscriber. Those who have not received the VISITOR *regularly, are requested to send to the office for the deficient numbers.*

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are deiighted with the poetical communications of S**. A repitition of his favors will be gratefully acknowledged by the editor.

Our Theatrical Correfpondents will receive our our thank for the continuation of their communications.

We regret being unable to give publicity to the Theatrical communication of "A," this week. It is ably written, and fhall have a place in our next

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BOSTON THEATRE.

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On MONDAY EVENING,

WILL BE PRESENTED

For the firft time thefe four years, and for this night only, a favorite Tragedy in 5 acts, called,

The Fair Penitent.

Written by N. ROWE, Efq.

—o—

To which will be added, for the 3d time this feafon, (after which it will be laid afide,) the Grand Operatic Drama, in 3 acts, called,

Lodoiska;—or

THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS.

MARRIED,

In this town, by the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, Mr. Edward Childs, to Miss Jane Goodenow:

In Newburyport, Mr. Joseph Coffin, to Miss Mary C. Cook, both of this town.

In Londonderry, Mr. Samuel C. Pope, of Salem, to Miss Francis Dinsmore, formerly of Boston.

In Philadelphia, Mr. Albert L. Jones, to Miss Phebe Fullerton late of Boston.

In Birmingham, (Eng.) very suddenly, Mr. Wm Stanley, aged 98, to Miss Julia Waterman, aged 15!!

In Portland, Mr. Jonas Mills, to Miss Mary Hastings.

Mr. Eliot Libby, to Miss Nancy Foswell.

In Danvers, Mr. Wm. Duncan, to Miss Sally Fowler,

In Charlestown, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Morse, Mr. Isaac Lilley, to Miss Elizabeth Johnstone,

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DIED,

In this town, on Wednesday evening last, Mrs. Mary Lewis, aged 60, widow of the late Capt. Winslow Lewis.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Learned B. Marshall, aged 29. On Wednesday evening last, Mrs. Anapel Boynton, aged 73.

On Thursday morning, Mrs Mary Nye, 59.

On Thursday last, Mr. James Campbell, aged 49.

On Thursday last, Mr. Justice Hamman, aged 50.

In Norwich, very suddenly, Maj. Thomas Tracy, aged 38; of the house of Avery and Tracy.

POETRY.

For the LADIES AFTERNOON VISITOR.

MODERN ANACREONTIC.

I SLEPT; 'twas now the noon of night,
When Cupid beam'd upon my sight;
Methought, ('twas fancy held the reigns)
I wander'd o'er Peruvian plains;
I saw him lovely, fair, and young,
Fair as ever poet sung,
And his eyes more piercing bright,
Than his, who sheds the rays of light.
But, I felt no magic charm
To thrill the sense, the heart to warm;
Nor that witchery of love,
Which other warbling poets prove.
But soon I heard old Plutus' whine,
As hobbling out the sparkling mine,
He came, the Paphian boy to greet,
And lay his treasures at his feet;
And he deck'd him out as fair,
As thine in eve, bright Venus' star;
Gave him a beautious robe of gold,
His roseate blushing limbs to fold,
Star'd with brighter diamond, o'er,
Than e'er thy mine, Golconda bore:
Wove emeralds in his flowing hair,
And plac'd the blushing ruby there.
O then I felt the magic charm,
That thrills the sense, the heart that warms,
And that witchery of love,
Which other warbling poets prove.
Cupid, I cried, within my heart,
O make thy nest; we ne'er will part!
He came, such bliss my slumbers broke,
And thrilling, I alas, awoke! S**.

For the Ladies Afternoon Visitor.

IMITATION OF THE SPANISH.

FLOWERS do blow in spring, fair lady,
Not while winter chills the air;
Love doth bloom in youth, our may-day,
Not when age doth frost the hair.

Gaudy flowers in summer flourish,
In blithe spring the fairest grow;
Sweetest love in youth we nourish,
Not when manhood's sun doth glow.

Fair fruits grow in autumn bowers,
Summer sheds the ripening beam,
But if spring gives not her flowers,
Vain the summer suns do gleam.

Love then, while your spring is blowing,
Summer's sun with joy you'l greet;
Autumn fruits will then be growing,
Making icy winter sweet. S**.

HEIGH-HO!—BY A LADY.

AN EXTRACT.

THE ladies sigh, they know not why,
'Tis not through pain or woe;
For whether glad or whether sad,
They always cry *heigh-ho!*

The lass who fain would meet her swain
Nor let her parents know;
Within his ear, that he might hear,
Now whispers him *heigh-ho!*

Sometimes distress, as many guess,
Occasion will bestow;
But yet the Miss in hours of bliss,
Will utter an *heigh-ho!*

As joy o'er much, is often such,
As makes our tears to flow,
So billet-deaux with joyful news,
Occassons an *heigh-ho!*

The married pair, devoid of care,
While mutual transports glow,
With pleasure speak, for words are weak,
By echoing *heigh-ho!*

Heigh-ho then means a word of pain,
Or joys which overflow;
When lurking aught, the secret thought,
Is hinted by *heigh-ho!*

EXIT OF OLD AGE.

HUSH, hush my friends, why ftand you round me weeping?
You shock my fortitude, too weak already,
Save that dear infant, she may long be useful,
My day is over.
With pleasure, and with pain, I in retrospect,
View my past life, see a thousand failings,
Yet here and there a man, who when an orphan,
Fed at my table.

My door was ever open to the stranger,
My heart to the distress'd, my hand was ready,
To reach a morsel to the poor and needy,
If but a morsel.
The sick I visited, I felt the anguish
I could not heal, but kindness was a cordial,
Their earnest looks acknowledged my compassion,
They bless'd me dying.
These feet unable now to bear the burthen
Impos'd upon them by the law of nature,
How nimbly have they mov'd this active body,
When forrows call'd me.
A mental touch of the benefic spirit
Moulded my texture to the deeds of mercy
With pleasure I have sooth'd the sobbing bosom,
Sunk by oppression.
Indulgent heaven not greater was thy glory,
Of power and wisdom sung at the creation,
By morning stars, than three-score years experience;
Proclaims thy goodneſs.
From thee this wondrous frame of mind proceeded,
By thee too feeble it is still protracted,
To Thee it garvitates, as to the centre
Of its existence.
Let uncreated love's mysterious
Woven to cover naked human nature.
Hide what the child, the youth or man has acted
That age would blush at.
Farewell, a long farwell to sin and sorrow,
Now death's cold hand is reaching me a portion,
To cure the maladies of human nature,
Age is the last one.
If in the nurse's arms, we are not smother'd
Yet soon or late will death rock o'er the cradle,
As there the young here the old infant umbles,
Into his coffin.
Good night my friends, when this last nap is o'er,
I rest in hope awaking from my slumber,
I shall awake and bid you a good morning,
In life eternal.

THE MISER—AN EXTRACT.

SEE yonder man who sits in misry's state,
Who shuns the cottage and who courts the great;
His greedy eye, and sharp drawn lips impart
The sordid feelings of a MISER's heart
For misery's children never had a tear,
In midst of wealth, of poverty in fear.
This is the man so fond of shining ore,
He'd sell his MAKER to increase his store,
Rifle the chambers of the mouldering dead,
And steal the *napkin* from his *father's head!*
Rather than CHARON's usual ferryage pay,
On STYX' infernal banks forever stay.

TO MISS ***** ——

On her refusing to pay A DEBT OF HONOUR,

A KISS.

ONE Kiss, dear maid, *our bet*, I sigh'd—
You scorn the little boon deni'd;
Oh why refuse the blameless bliss?
Can danger lurk within a Kiss?

Why on those lovely lips the while
Dawn'd the soft relenting smile—
That tempts, with feign'd dissuasion coy,
The gentle violence of joy.—

ANECDOTE.

A Miſer, who was aſked why he had married a girl from his own kitchen, ſaid, "that the union was attended with a double advantage, it ſaved him not only the expence of a wife, but the tax on a ſervant."

New Printing Office.

EBEN. FRENCH,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has opened at No. 6, *Court Street*, an entire *NEW PRINTING OFFICE*—and having recently purchaſed a new font of *ORNAMENTAL TYPE*, he pledges himſelf to perform all kinds of Letter Preſs

PRINTING,

with neatneſs, accuracy and diſpatch—and CHEAPER than it can be done in Boſton.

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Dec. 11, 1806.

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